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Tempore ab immenso, quos rursum in luce secunda
 Roma videt, celebratque frequens : operisque vestusti
 Gratia parta recens. Quanto præstantius ergo est
 Ingenio, aut quovis extendere fata labore,
 Quam fastus et opes et inanem extendere luxum.

TRANSLATION.

Lo, rising from the bosom of the tomb,
 Dragged from the ruins of devoted Rome,
 Laocoön lives, who once adorn'd the hearth,
 Whence the good Titus rul'd and bless'd the earth.
 Model of Art—the choicest genius gave
 To swell Rome's glory, or to deck her grave.
 What tongue the wonders of the work can tell,
 The serpents, vast, voluminous and fell,
 Their monstrous size, their giant strength display,
 Their rage, their triumph, as they crush their prey,
 The fathers' sufferings, the children's cries,
 And all the dying marble's agonies ?
 Shock'd by the sight, in vain we chide the tear,
 Yet while we melt in pity, start for fear.
 Scarce can our eyes the cruel scene sustain,
 Support their struggles, or endure their pain.
 Look ! how these ministers of wrath divine
 In iron volumes round their victims twine,
 See this in fury to the father glide,
 Curl round his arms, and rend his bleeding side.
 Observe his body bending from the foe,
 Writhing and shrinking to avoid the blow,
 That piteous look to heaven despairing thrown,
 And the keen anguish of that harrowing groan,
 Hasting to tear the reeking fangs away,
 He grasps the monster's throat with frantick sway,
 Their utmost force his nerves convulsive strain,
 Struggling with all their strength—but all in vain.
 The other Serpent in relentless folds,
 Fixed to the spot, the victim prophet holds ;

picturae et statuariae artis præponendum. Ex uno lapide eum et liberos, draconumque mirabiles nexus de consilii sententia fecere summi artifices Agesander et Polydorus et Athenodorus, Rhodii."

No hope of flight ; the sinewy body winds
About each knee, and tight and tighter binds
Its stubborn knots ; the obstructed pulse beats high,
Distends the veins, and swells the strictured thigh.
See the same foe the younger boy invest,
Crush his fair frame, and feed upon his breast.
The folds immense his helpless form sustain,
As fainting in excruciating pain,
He feebly lifts a supplicating eye,
And calls his father, with the last sad sigh.

Here, to the elder the long train extends,
And its last circle round his ankle bends ;
Stooping, as if to force the curl away,
He views the strife in motionless dismay ;
What anguish on each feature is impress'd,
How his fond eyes upon his father rest,
Hang on *his* agony, in breathless fear,
While doubt and horror check the bursting tear.

Hail Artists, hail !—although a nobler name
Might be transmitted on the rolls of fame,
Gained by the labours of the lofty mind
To bless, improve, or liberate mankind ;
Not worthless still the praise to you allowed,
Well to have us'd the talent heaven bestowed,
By the nice touch of the creative steel,
To make the marble breathe, and act, and feel.
We see them die, and bursting from the stone
We almost hear the agonizing groan.
Your birth illustrious Rhodes shall love to boast :
Though to the gaze of admiration lost,
The matchless monument for ages lay
Hid in the ruins from the light of day,
Dragg'd forth at length, again your glory lives,
And the proud mistress of the world survives.
How nobler far, than wealth, and pomp, and power,
The frequent effort of the toilsome hour,
By genius or by skill, a name to save
Defying fate, triumphant o'er the grave.